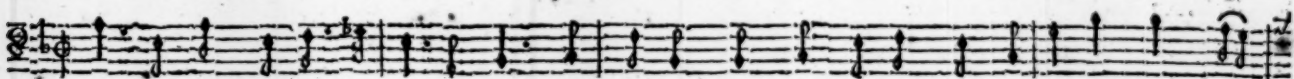


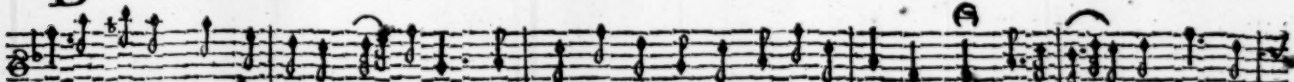
The LOYAL SCOT;

An Excellent New SONG.

To an Excellent New SCOTCH Tune.



B Read of Geud! I think the Nation's mad, And nene but *Knaves* and *Perjur'd Loons* do rule the Roast; And



for an *Honest Karl* ne Living's to be had; Why sure the Deel is Landed on the *English Coast*. I ha' ne'r been here sin'



Forty Three, And now thro' *Scotland* gang to'l see our Gracious King; But Wunds a Geud, instead of Mirth and Mery



Glee, I find aud Sniveling *Presbyter* is coming in.

[2]

For they talk of *Horrid Popish Plots*, and Heav'n knows what,
When all the wiser world knows well what they'd be at;
For with like like Sanctity the Geudest King
They did to Death and Ruine bring.

When on the Civil Broits they first did enter in,
(As well ye ken) with *Popery* they did begin;
And with *Liberty* and *Publick Geud* was muckle din,
When the Deel a bit they meant the *Thing*.

[3]

That Machine of Monstrous Policy,
I mean old *S* ——— for *Loyalty* so fam'd;
The voice of all the Gendly *Rabble Mobile*,
The falsest Loon that ever Envy destin'd *Damn'd*.

Heav'n sure never meant so fou a *Thing*,
But to inform the World where Villany did dwell:
And like a Traytor both to *Commonwealth* and *KING*
The muckle Deel did surely never hatch in *Hell*.

[4]

For, like *Roman Catharine*, to gain his Pious Ends,
He pimps for all the Loose *Rebellious Fops* in Toon;
And with *Treats* and *Treason* daily crams his *City-Friends*,
From the *Link-man* to the *Scarlet-Goon*.

And with high *Debauchery* they carry on the *Cause*,
And *Gendly Reformation* is the Sham pretence;
And Religiously defie Divine and Humane Laws,
With Obedience to their Rightful Prince.

[5]

Then a *SPEAKER* to this Grand *Cabal*,
Old Envy *Tony* seated at the Head o'th' Board,
His Learn'd Oration for *Rebellion* makes to *All*,
Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.

Cully Jemmy then they Vote for *KING*,
Whom Curse confound for being like a senseless *Loon*;
Can they who did their Lawful Lord to th' *Scaffold* bring
Be just to him that has no Title to a Croon.

[6]

But they find he is Blockhead fitted for their Use;
A *FOOL* by Nature, and a *KNAVE* by Custom grown;
A *Gay-Fop-Monarch*, whom the *Rabble* may abuse;
And their business done, will soon Unthrone:

But *Jemmy* swears and vows, gan he can get the Croon,
He by the Laws of *Forty Ene* wou'd guided be;
And *Prophane Lawn-sleeves* and *Surplices* again must down!
Then hey for our *Old Presbytery*.

[7]

B ——— a States-man would be thought,
And reason geud that he shou'd bear that Rev'rend Name;
Since he was one of them that first began the *PLOT*,
How the *King* might Banter, and *Three Kingdoms* Sham;

All the *Male-Contents* His Noble Grace
To this Rehearfal did invite, to hear and see
But whilst he wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
The busier Noddles turn'd it into *Tragedy*.

[8]

And now each Actor does begin to play his Part;
And too so well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue;
Till they learn to play the *Rebel* so by rote of heart,
That the Fictitious Story seems as true.

And now, without controll, they apprehend and hang;
And with the Nation all is *Gospel* that they Swear;
Then Bonny *Jockey* prethee back to *Scotlana* gang,
For a *Loyal Lad's* in danger here.